

trained by the rest of you, who are misguided by religion and aristocracy, the political powers that be, and who having no other means of support or business so important to them, as this license to live as parasites, are always ready and on hand with their whips and baits, to herd you back into line. When she is too independent and great to submit to ostracism she is confined in a madhouse, the con-

(Continued on page Four)

I am glad that I contributed to the fund that made this book possible, and I sincerely hope that it will pass through many editions, and find its way into thousands of homes not poisoned with the deadly nuisance of priestly superstition.

Five Copies of Moore Book.
James E. Hughes—By all means try to publish the new book, C. C. Moore. **I will take five copies of the book.** I see my time is up for the Blade in October, but please send it right on as I will renew it soon with a few more when I get to see a few of my friends that take your paper and have them renew also. I have always thought \$1.00 should be the price of the paper, but if the Blade cannot live at \$1.00 without begging I am willing to pay \$1.50. LEWIS E.

ment. The jury deliberated, after luncheon at the Astor House, and found a verdict. Richards, Lawyer Miller's client, was found "not guilty," but Koch was found guilty and remanded for sentence.

Subscribes for Two Copies
Newton, Montana.
James E. Hughes.—You may put me down for two copies of the Moore Book.—F. H. LOVERING.

"The Greatest Religion." "Robberism," said the doctor, "is the greatest religion in the world, and it is practiced in the name of Jesus Christ."

"The late archbishop of Canterbury blessed the army as it was marching to war, and he told the boys to go forth and kill for the glory of their country and the Lord Jesus. And that is Christianity. If Christ should come back again, as the Christians say He will, He would be ashamed of you."

these terrible and deadly remains of the peace and happiness of humanity, makes his book one of the most valuable contributions to the sacred cause of Rationalism that has been issued from the press for many years.

I am glad that I contributed to the fund that made this book possible, and I sincerely hope that it will pass through many editions, and find its way into thousands of homes now poisoned with the deadly nuisance of priestly superstition.

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THE BLUE GRASS BLADE

Published at Lexington, Kentucky, Every Sunday
Founded 1884, and edited by Charles Chilton Moore up to
his death, February 7, 1908.

JAMES E. HUGHES Editor and Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

By mail, postpaid, \$1.50 per year, in advance.
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All foreign subscriptions, postpaid, \$3.00 per year.
Five new subscribers sent with one remittance at \$1.00 per
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THE OFFICE of publication of the Blade is at 55 West
Short Street, Lexington, Kentucky, to which all Free-
thinkers will be given a hearty welcome.

THE BLADE is entered at the Postoffice, at Lexington, Ken-
tucky, as second class mailing matter.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO THE BLUE GRASS
BLADE, P. O. Box 303, Lexington, Ky.

Life is a mystery.

Even death is a leap in the dark.

Religion is growing stale and unprofitable.

The divine message must have got swamped dur-
ing transit.

Liberty is unsafe in the hands of orthodox christian
believers.

It is no safe plan to judge a man's character by
his catechism.

Modern science, in its application, is the only
true Savior of mankind.

Comstock has practically admitted that he is
serving the Lord only for the long green.

The supply of aggressive, intellectual, liberal
thought is not being made equal to the demand.

Progress is a desirable thing only when we know
we are making it in the right direction.

When men grow short on moral virtue it is im-
possible to make up the deficiency by reciting long
prayers.

The Christian religion exercises as little moral
influence upon the lives of its votaries as the
seventh commandment.

Humanity must cease seeking the shadows in the
make-believe and learn that the kenda-
green of the laborer may be more worthy of honor
than the purple of power or the broadcloth of the
parson.

American liberty did not come through the or-
thodox faith for it was painfully won by a
bayonet on the backs of Cornwallis' buccanniers
and Thomas Paine wrote the first words of our
nation's freedom.

A thousand years are but as one tick in the
mighty horologe of Time and the lotted life, but
three score years and ten. This brief period we
expend, not in living, but in providing the means
of life, not as creation's lords, but slaves to our
own avarice, the most pitiful passion that ever
cursed mankind.

Life is likened unto a great railroad system. At
birth all make the same kind of a start on the great
line which has its branches running in every direc-
tion. For a time we may travel along the same line,
but as we journey on each traveler selects his own
branch or is driven from it by the law of necessity.
Our political saviors are now bending every en-
ergy to create those necessities which turn us from
our appointed path.

Truly, it seems as if some monstrous curse has
fallen upon the womb of the world. What is be-
coming of the race? Whither are we drifting? Our
fathers labored in the performance of strict duty
even though the reward might be a gibbet, but in
these days even preachers strive to win praise and
falsify flattery by empty plausibility and try to
manage matters mundane on the basis of brute
selfishness. Their only Mecca is the wages of gold
and grub.

If all the human suffering, the heartaches, the
sorrow and despair that has been caused by the
Christian religion, begotten of its insatiable thirst
for greed, could be utilized to form another hell, the
Prince of Darkness would stand appalled. Every
dollar it can boast has been coined from the life-
blood of the poor. The shadows of its gilded domes
fall athwart the cot of the laborer whom it has
robbed of his earnings.

WHAT WARDEN COFFIN THINKS OF THE PROPOSED MOORE BOOK

Who, of our readers, has not heard of Warden Coffin, formerly of the Ohio State penitentiary, practically the head of that penal institution when Editor Charles C. Moore was confined there a martyr to the cause of human liberty? Who has not read of the many kindly references made by Mr. Moore to that hospitable, generous-hearted and kindly gentleman? Who does not remember the great love and attachment that sprang up between the convict and his keeper during that enforced association in the walls of a government prison?

It is with genuine pleasure that we give space to the following letter, making it a feature of this issue, as being one of the very best testimonials to the purity of Mr. Moore's motives, his splendid character and lofty purpose. It was written to the Blade in response to the request for subscriptions to the proposed publication of Mr. Moore's writings and should exercise a wide influence. It reads:

Springfield, Ohio, October 15, 1906.

MR. JAMES E. HUGHES.

Dear Sir:—In reference to the publishing by you the writings of the late Charles C. Moore would say that by all means publish it and put me down for one copy at least.

There ought to be no trouble in your procuring two thousand subscribers for this book. Let the friends of grand old Charley Moore get a hustle on them. Respectfully yours,

E. G. COFFIN.

PERSONAL TO OUR READERS.

Force of circumstances which we could not control has delayed the publication of the Blade during the past two weeks and we crave the kind indulgence of our readers. The delay was occasioned consequent upon our moving to another office and it seemed as if every kind of an unforeseen accident had to occur in putting up our machinery. The delay has been as annoying to us as it could possibly be. It may be that the Lord above, if there is one, took a hand in the game and caused all the trouble just to get even with the Blade for what we have said about him.

Happily, our troubles are at an end, in this respect. We are safely lodged in our new quarters and our linotype and other machinery has been put in place. It is our purpose to get out two issues of the Blade this week in order to catch up. One of these will be published Monday or Tuesday, November 5th or 6th, and the other will be mailed at the customary season so that our readers may look for their regular Sunday copy.

Now that we are in a new home we hope to run along better, smoother and happier. With the issue succeeding this one we shall be able to be prompt with the Blade again.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIVING.

Day by day the world grows more and more complex until the science of government becomes as intricate as that of chemistry. At the same time it does not appear that our human progress has made the people any happier for as civilization advances the wants of the race increase and multiply, many incapable of acquiring gratification or satisfaction, hence, unable to attain happiness. From the cradle to the grave man struggles through a maze of endless complications which our politicians seek to increase and our preachers to further entangle us in snares and delusions.

There is no greater or more impressive truth than that which declares that our ways and wants are not the ways and wants of our forefathers. And yet, with all our advancement, the question of obtaining food and shelter has never been more absorbing. As an inevitable consequence of the rule that our needs increase by their satisfaction it appears that the more a man has the more he wants. Freethinkers have, in a measure, sought out and striven to restore to honor, the true life and declare that the center of all human progress lies in moral and mental growth. The art of living is to know how to apply life to the best possible advantage. Since no man can hold his life in constant and perpetual check it is better to respect it and use it instead of going about in such a way as to make others disgusted with it. In other words, do not waste your life. Use it. Make it bear wholesome fruit. Learn to give it that it may not consume itself.

The student knows that it is environment that controls us and hems us in on all sides. To improve society we must improve the individual unit and this improvement the unit can accomplish himself. The true soldier takes good care of his sword that it is not bent or rusted and how much more careful should we be with our thoughts, those thoughts that mold and shape our human destinies!

Here is the true philosophy of life. It is in no imitation Jesus to agonize about and cause bibles and prayer books to be sent to naked negroes in equatorial Africa. It is in no revengeful God who makes and damns mankind to satisfy an idle curiosity. It is in no creed-bound rules to imprison the brain and chain the intellect to the altar of faith. This philosophy will bring grander ideals and abolish life's dissonance and despair. This philosophy makes no pretence at knowing the future and spends no time speculating upon it. It stands overwhelmed by the irrefragable past and is at death-grips with the present. This philosophy was born of Reason and nursed by knowledge, it is the child of love and pain and it lives between the rosy realms of hope.

CONFESSION OF A CHURCHMAN.

For unvarnished truth the Blade desires to com-
mend a writer giving his name as Milo Atkinson in
the Christian Standard, a church organ published
at Cincinnati. He says:

"On the subject of Christian stewardship let me
say that in the church today there are a great many
people who are either telling a lie, or they are living
a lie."

Good! This is a frank confession and it evidently
comes from one who knows. He may have been a
long time in finding it out but the truth comes bet-
ter later than never to come at all. It has not yet
occurred, probably, to Milo Atkinson that the very
class who daily commit the sine of which he com-

plains are those who occupy the pulpits, or, it may be that he was taking a shot at them, too, being familiar with facts and circumstances compelling him to make such a declaration. When such a truth can be told the Blade must begin to incline to the belief that, after all, there may be something good come out of Nazareth.

But the confession contains nothing new. Freethinkers have known of such conditions for years. This is one of the most potent reasons why so many are Freethinkers today. The arrogant hypocrisy and humbuggery daily practiced by preachers and their congregations induced them to first suspect the efficacy of so-called divine revelation and they began to make a few personal inquiries on the subject. The result was inevitable. Investigation is fatal to theology. It proved to them that the important facts of life had been sadly and seriously neglected while only the unimportant facts had been preserved. They found that the Christian religion was incapable of furnishing a new truth or even the means by which new truths might be discovered. They found that a strict application of alleged Christian principles would disturb the natural march of human progress and render civilization difficult to obtain. Thus they left the church, ceased to assist in its sustenance, and all because they knew just what Milo Atkinson now affirms to be true.

If more churchmen could be brought to that point of honesty manifested by the author of the foregoing remarkable statement it would not be a difficult problem to solve as to the future of the church. If those, or even some of them, now within the church are either telling a lie or living a lie, we need no stronger testimony of its utter incapacity to subvert morality or moral influences. When the writer asserts that there are "many" such within the church he comes near reaching the point of the church's undoing, but when he employs an adjective and says there "are a GREAT many" he has pulled down the edifice and started in to clear away the rubbish it has made. By implication a "great many" would indicate, at least, a fair majority, and in this way we may be able to account for the growing weakness of the church. Such a statement leaves but a miserable few who may be assumed to be honest in their beliefs and practices, based thereon, and these are that way because they cannot help it and would be the same under any other system.

The Blade accepts the statement as whole truth, the declaration of a well known, universally recognized fact. In the language of Gratiano, we feel like saying:

"We thank thee, Jew, for teaching us those words."

WANTED—\$10,000 OR MORE!

"New York City is, without doubt, the greatest missionary district in the world, and if our people rightly viewed this great territory tens of thousands of dollars would be forthcoming for this field alone.

Upon reading such an expression one is prone to the thought that it was the utterance of some political conference, or a gathering of patent medicine men. Such was not the source of its origin. It came from a religious convention, the delegates to which had one eye on New York and the other upon its greatest gold—GOLD.

Here is the missionary spirit expressed in full force, with all its veneration gone and its hideous form laid bare. No thought for a suffering humanity, of liberty in chains, of weak mothers and starving babies. No thought of human redemption from cruel wrong and oppression but the missionary field abroad having become a "played out old song" unable to bring in the cash, the sole motive appears in that "tens of thousands of dollars" are expected to be derived from such a source. And why all this amount of cash? Is not salvation free, without money and without price?

The quotation given above is a fair demonstration of the purpose and aims of the Christian missionary effort. It is a plain case of "I give you the Truth" and they like to see the engraving. Fancy that the basic influences that are to concentrate a bunch of Christian missionaries on New York is that "tens of thousands of dollars" are expected to be gained by it. But don't set a high valuation on their effort, or, worse, perhaps, the sum named represents the extent to which they can count upon their dupes permitting themselves to be flim-flamed out of their cash. Time was when the cry only came for cash with which to carry on a missionary, proselyting campaign in foreign countries. It would seem that the game has run its limit. New schemes must be tried. This draws us to the end. When those who contribute to such enterprises are

able to see the dismal failures wrought there will be a sudden hiatus in the bag and missionaries will have to go planting post-holes in the dark of the moon. The movement may last for a time for the "glory of God" is a great thing to draw cash but it won't last long.

THE BLADE LOSES A SUBSCRIBER.

"All this dread ore break—for whom? for thee? Vile worm! Oh, madness! Pride! Impity!"

Were this old world perfect the preachers would be in the devil of a fix for there would be no need of heaven. It is only by unceasing toil, labor and struggle that the race rises higher and higher to new planes of existence. Had man remained in the Biblical Eden he would still have been a chump. If death ends all we shall experience no disappointments, grasp no apples of Sodom when we pass to the ever dreamless sleep. This is not a God who control the only gate to heaven, all others being but the highway to hell. Hence, there can be no perfection, for with perfection progress ceases.

Upon this same hypothesis the Blade realizes that it is by no means perfect. It could not be perfect if it would. But the Blade has a motto which it strives to follow in the establishment of truth and the cutting down of palpable error. It may not succeed but it will only give up the struggle after a most desperate effort. In the prosecution of its mission it is necessary to assail shams, expose flagrant fraud and cut down error and falsehood with an ever sharpened edge. This is not a God given duty, but a self assumed task and in the doing we did not expect we would please everybody. Better and grander men have miserably failed in such an effort. It is better to offend one, however, than the many and in this light we can appreciate and understand the opprobrious epithets thrown our way by one, W. W. Howard, of Dixon, Missouri, whose letter we published last week. As a general rule it might be better to silently ignore such an epistle, to treat it with the contempt that it richly deserves, but there is such a splendid moral to be drawn from it that the Blade cannot forego the pleasure of a reply.

The stationery upon which Mr. Howard's letter was written informs us that he is a banker, being vice-president of "The People's Bank" of Dixon. Of course its patrons have no idea that Mr. Howard and his business associates are "the people." As a banker he is exceedingly good for being so. The Blade would not disturb the relationship for the world. This is why, to Mr. Howard, there is so much that is "rotten" in the columns of the Blade. Most men will swear when their pet corn is in canary and, doubtless, Mr. Howard's toes had been abundantly trod on.

After all the truth is decidedly unpalatable to those who delight in error. The fanatic invariably looks at liberty through the inverted telescope. It may be that the world is growing better, and the Blade concedes that it is, for the Howard's longer twenty men head downwards for simply telling the truth, they only cry "stop my subscription" because your "sheet" is too "rotten" for me. The political fanatic is no less dangerous than the religious fanatic. The religious fanatic imagines that the race is hot-footing it to hell because he cannot make the people accept his brand of saving grace and the political fanatic indulges the delusion that he alone holds the key to salvation. Both of them should learn to apply the soft pedal. To be only half free is virtually to remain half a slave. Political freedom is as great a blessing as religious freedom and there can be no true happiness until both have been made a glorious human achievement.

True, indeed, men will differ, and they will continue to differ, upon what should be destroyed and what should be preserved, but we have no need for any difference of opinion in assailing that which is palpably untrue. Men may, and men do, misunderstand freedom in a different way, because they view it in a different light. Doubtless the Howards desire perpetual freedom to borrow money at three and four per centum and loan it again at eight and ten per centum. This may be "legally" honest, but it is a financial fraud and a system that is sapping the vitality out of American labor and strangling American manhood. It is placing freedom on a soap plan lying along a steep decline. To call a paper "rotten" may be a cheap method of saving a dollar per annum, but it is debasing to one who takes such a course. The Freethought proclivities of such a man are as artificial as an old maid's complexion. The Blade could not be happy with such a member in its family circle and now we come to think we are far better off without him. The Blade gladly, cheerfully and willingly offers his dollar as a sacrifice upon the altar of liberty, the glorious privilege of being free to cut down shams political as well as shams religious.

Could the Blade have thought about the matter in time we might have strangled our independence, fawned upon the "Howards" that thrift might follow, but when we do that we shall cease the advocacy of Freethought and confess the belief that "give me liberty or give me death" was all a big bluff, then jump into the baptismal font in the hope of sprouting a pair of sensible wings. Fortunately the Blade has learned that it takes more than one cat fish to make a creek and that all men are not "Howards." We have also learned that it is impossible for the Blade to be a friend of the banker who thrives on usury and remain a champion of the people's rights. There are some bankers who are gentlemen, liberals, honest and praise-worthy, but they are of a far different caliber than is Howard. Hence the parting of our ways.

Life insurance presidents who pocket \$200,000 a year salaries are not the only jackals who fatten on the substance of the poor. Even a Howard may clutch mortgages on Missouri homes, and demand

his "pound of flesh" through foreclosure, but no person can hold a mortgage on the column of the Blade, dictate its utterances, its policies and advocacies. There are many men whose opinions we value and respect, but they are as unlike Howard as is an orange from an orang-outang. Still Howard is entitled to his opinion. He has one and he has very forcibly expressed it. He should not be forced to read those things that are distasteful to him. He has acted wisely and well in stopping his subscription to the Blade, but he ought to have done so a little sooner. There are some men who would fill up on warm water to cheat themselves into the belief that they had been to dinner only to save the price of a sandwich.

It is intended that Mr. Howard shall read this comment upon his conduct provided he has the courage to do so. We send him a marked copy for that purpose, although his name has been erased from our mailing list. He may be able to profit thereby and then, rather than wound his tender sensibilities, although a Freethinker (!)—save the mark—let us profoundly hope that his weakened eyes may never fall upon the Blade again and that he can find a peaceful mind in the political bilgewater dished out to him by Messrs. Roosevelt and Taft.

The Blade's erstwhile subscriber complains that we do not particularly assail the Kentucky election laws and say something about the alleged murder of an inmate of our Eastern Kentucky Asylum. The answer is easy. The conditions he berates, bad as they are, are purely local, while the Blade is a national paper. Because the Blade has recently condemned it must not be inferred that it commends. The Blade writes for readers in all States in the Union, not for one State alone. And suppose the Blade did the things that Howard would require of it, would that guarantee his continued friendship for the paper? We doubt it. The moment that we declined to hoe along the line he had drawn for us he would fly the coop, denounce us as "rotten" and stop his subscription. Better that he cut loose now. Selah.

ABOUT PREACHERS AND CHURCHES

Whatever mischief or social disturbance takes place in a community, put it down that some preacher is at the bottom of it. If things don't run to please the gentlemen of the cloth, secret sessions of ministerial associations follow whereat lengthy discussions take place, resolutions adopted and the grand jury room or the official sanctum of the governing authorities are called upon. Nine times out of ten some head is given in and a spasmoid attempt at so-called moral virtue follows. In many instances, however, where an official can be found who has the backbone to stick out and the courage of his convictions, Mr. Goody-Two-Shoes is shown to an open door and invited to create a vacancy. A sound railing from the pulpit follows and the community is thrown into open and violent discord.

Just why it is that so many preachers will not startling statements upon matters social or political, in apparent good faith, which they cannot substantiate when it comes to the scratch, is something which no philosopher, it seems, will ever be able to discover, unless it be upon a bread and butter hypothesis. In discussing public affairs and things generally that affect their neighbors they deal in superlatives that would make a circus bill writer green with envy. They seem to think themselves exempt from the code that governs the walk and conversation of ordinary mortals. No authority for such an assumption can be found in the "Books" and when one such is found he should be invited to come forward and make good. It is a pity to be sure, and none the less a truth, that the simple word of a dominie is not sufficient evidence upon which to indict a community. His game is to play a flour-flush upon all the people for the benefit of a few who do not think overmuch or overlong.

This brings us to an important point. In a recent issue of the Louisville Times an editorial squib appeared, which has been sent to this office by a friend and it reads as follows:

"So many fine churches and only trade enough to keep them open two hours a day—and theaters opening twice Sundays to big crowds with inferior attractions."

The inferiority of the attractions offered by the play houses to the attractions offered by the churches, may be apparent in the mind of the person who wrote that squib, but the mere fact that the majority, or at least the "big crowds" that packed the theaters "twice Sundays" entertained a vastly different notion. It is an evidence that they preferred the play house to the church, although the latter kept their doors open in an inviting manner. It is another evidence that the majority hold an utter disregard for the churches and are drifting further and further from them. The only salvation then for the churches is to force the theaters to close in the hope that the people will be compelled to take in the church, no other form of entertainment appearing. This is where the Bushybottom person gets his work, sets the community on its ears, stirs up hatred and strife and vain gloriously imagine he is doing the Lord's work on earth.

It is an indication of the pressure of the changing times when a man, or woman, will pay one dollar to witness a good dramatic presentation on Sunday and abstain from attending church where they could get through on a two-bit piece, or maybe, a dime. It is a sign that the people prefer innocent recreation and instruction rather than coop themselves up in a church building and listen to long winded prayers, recitations of catechisms, psalm singing and a sermon of holy rot. This is why it is written:

"So many fine churches and only trade enough to keep them open two hours a day—and theaters opening twice Sundays to big crowds with inferior attractions."

Another thought is created here as concerns the "fine" churches and there being so "many" of them. A fine building does not imply a sound philosophy or a sound moral system. Had the church organizations spent more money on instruction that tended to a greater and wider mental liberty and less upon the structure, they would not have to keep closed now for lack of trade enough to justify them keeping open in competition with the play houses. There being so "many" of them is a deliberate waste of energy and money. A church is always an expense. Its organization has to be kept up, its minor societies sustained, its parson must have his salary, the building must be kept in repair, and as the church members themselves do not feel like digging into their own jeans for the ready cash they get up fake raffish, outfit suppers, fairs, bazaars, lecture courses, to all of which the entire community has to subscribe in one way or another, if not directly, then indirectly through exemption from taxation, and it must follow that the more churches there are saddled on a community the greater the community burden.

After all, how different is the cry now uttered from that made a generation or more ago? Then the claim was made that we did not have churches enough, now, alack and alas, there are too many, so many, in fact, that they have not trade enough for more than two hours in a Sunday. If this is not a sure sign of intellectual progress will some orthodox brother kindly explain what it is?

THERE IS NO TRUE CHURCH.

With a thousand one different sects spread throughout Christendom, each contending, striving, struggling, asserting that it and it only is the one true church, the thinker is prone to assert that they are all first class humbugs and cry out for a plague to put upon them all.

There is no true church. All are false. There is not a Christian church, so-called, under the sun, but which is not a copy of some form of religious worship that preceded it. The first Christian church, that was ever established on the great, round globe, was patterned after the Pagan temples about which it sprang and its forms of worship, its ceremonial, were all copied, borrowed or deliberately stolen. There is but one church if we may designate it a church, and that is the great church of humanity which has no covering but the ethereal blue above, no pulpit but the mountain sides, no ceremony but adoration and love. Sectarian strife has done more to establish this fact than all other causes within the domain of religion combined.

Nor do the creeds furnished by these borrowed structures furnish any palliation. Each differing dogma renders the situation more and more intolerable, more undesirable. The true worshiper is he who, standing entranced by the glories of a golden sunrise feels gladdened by the knowledge the rays of the great day-god will, in time, yield him an abundant harvest. There can be no worship in fear. Christians do not worship their god because they expect to gain something by it or avenge some wrong. They worship him for the simple reason that they believe he possesses the power to reward them or to punish them at his own discretion. This is simple, absolute, uncompromising fear, and, therefore, it cannot be true worship.

Of course, it is considered popular to attend and worship in one or other of these sectarian edifices. Become an idolater in any form and you pass muster. You may trip up on the seventh commandment and still keep your church standing, but you admit yourself heretic and though you are honest, virtuous and upright, your social standing is undone and blasted forever. Worship of things celestial must ever be a direction toward the unseen, the unknown and unknowable. Religion and self sprang from precisely the same source. To deny this men were to pick a quarrel with the law of evolution. Men have discovered that it is of far greater importance that we should all that is possible and best out of this life rather than wasting our energies in finding or trying to find some sort of conviction about another life. If there be a god, and that god had intended that we should all know for a dead certainty what awaits us beyond the dark river of death, he would have made it so manifest that diversity of opinion would have been impossible and there would be no sectarian quarrels upon how to get there. If there is a god and he intended that we should all accept Christ as a divinity, he would have put up stronger hooks upon which the doubting Thomases could have hung their faith. If there is a god and he had intended that we should regard the Bible as his infallible word for all time, he would never have entrusted it to the care of fallible men for interpretation and construction. If there be a god and he had intended we should believe the alleged miracles in Jerusalem, he would have made better and stronger provisions for their authentication.

Belief in these unimportant items may be extremely comforting to those who are striving to lodge hell's pains, but they fail to perceive that they are a complete degradation of the very deity they pretend to love and worship.

We have had two thousand years of sectarian dispute over these absurd, trifling, idiotic dreams. These disputes have caused wars to be waged in which human blood has left its crimson stain upon the ages. Not a point in dispute has been settled, not a new fact demonstrated, by reason thereof. Inquisitions, with their instruments of human torture have been built and used in an effort to bring a confession of faith from those who disagreed with the majority, but not a miracle has been proven true, not a single divinity established thereby.

Then why prate about the true church? Not one of all the institutions bearing the designation of Christian can be the true church, for as stated in the beginning hereof, there is no true church.

HEROD'S SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS

Held To Be Too Incredible and Impossible—Historical Data Showing Decree of God Not Have Been Carried Out.

(BY E. LEWIS.)

In my last letter to the Blade, of September 16th, I gave some positive historical evidence that Herod, the King, was dead three years before the boy Jesus (son of Joseph and Mary) was supposed to have been born, and now I want to bring up other matter in the same line to show the utter fallacies of the new testament writings.

Acts 13th Chapter. When Paul was on trial before Festus, verse 10, then said Paul: "I stand at Caesar's judgment seat. There I ought to be judged. To the Jews I do not do so. As thou very well knowest, versell. For if I be an offender or have committed any thing worthy of death, I refuse not to die, but if there be none of these things whereof these accuse me, no man may deliver me unto them, I appeal to Caesar. So Paul was shipped to Rome to be tried before Caesar. So it was the privilege of every citizen of the Roman Province, and had Herod ordered the slaughter of those innocents as stated in Matthew 2:10 an appeal would have gone to Caesar from the parents of those little fellows and the slaughter would not have taken place.

Josephus was an inveterate hater of Herod, and gives detailed accounts of his cruelties, but says not one word about that heinous of all crimes. Acts 12, Chapter 1, Verse. Now about that time Herod the King stretched forth his hand to vex certain of the church, and he killed James, the brother of John, with the sword. And because he saw it pleased the Jews, he proceeded further and to take Peter also; then were the days of unleavened bread. And when he had apprehended him he put him in prison.

Then follows Peter's miraculous deliverance from prison. Nine years after this time, as a preliminary to having that miracle performed of Peter's delivery from prison and in the 17th verse Peter is made to say, "Go show these things to James who has been broken." But Herod had just killed James with the sword. How could they tell him.

In Matthew, 14th chapter, is the other charge against Herod the King that he is not guilty of. The chapter begins "At that time Jesus was in the 12th chapter, where Jesus was preaching of the end of the world. 'At that time Herod the patriarch heard of the fame of Jesus, and said unto his servants, This is John the Baptist he is risen from the dead and therefore mighty works do show forth in him. For Herod had laid hold on John and bound him and put him in prison for Herod's sake, his brother Philip's wife. Read the first twelve verses of the chapter. Herod the Tetrarch was the son of Herod the King. It is Herod the King I am defending against the charge of cutting John's head off. There is no evidence that John's head was ever cut off, in fact there is no good evidence that John ever had a head or that the daughter of Herod's ever danced before Herod.

Herod went off on vacation thirty-four years before there ever was a Christian and he has not returned unto this day.

Now I think I have proven an alibi for Herod, as had a character as he is represented to be. No man that ever lived was so kind that any one could be justified in charging him with crimes he was not guilty of.

Will Susan J. Peck tell the readers of the Blade what an unorthodox Christiania is. How much of the amount they accept as binding on mankind. How much salvation there is in the blood of Jesus of Nazareth. Let us imagine an unorthodox Prohibitionist. Where would he draw the line on drinks. How drunk would he dare get and still be an unorthodox Prohibitionist. I think it would be interesting reading for the Blade readers.

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SELECTED ORIGINAL POEMS

BUDDHA, CHRIST AND LIQUOR.

Buddha, the greatest, most benignant and divine,
Forbade the bullish wine-cup in the early pagan time,
But a later minor prophet, the man of Galilee,
Debauched God's bright pure water at a drunken marriage suppe.

Unlike the later prophet, whom some folks call "the Lord,"
Buddha was compassionate, he never brought a sword;
Unlike Paul, the renegade, who was full of random speech,
Buddha was true woman's friend and gave her chance to preach.

—Lincolin.

THE WORDS HE COULD NOT HEAR

Time was a nature that needed sun
As the flowers need it, I
Could have wrought good things had there been but one
But they kept their words—they were busy, all,
With their own affairs—until
My blood seemed touched with a tinct of gall
And my heart with an icy chill.

I died on night, and they came, next day,
The ones who had seemed so cold,
And wept as they wreathed my lifeless day
And my many ways extolled
And I thought, as I lay on my silent bed,
"They are fools to waste on me
The words that a dead man cannot hear
And the wreaths that he cannot see!"

—Success Magazine.

PAY DAY.

Cheer up, weary mate it is pay-day!
The punctual ghost will emerge from his cist,
And we of the mill shall have some of the grist.
Cheer up, heavy hearts. It is pay-day!
We'll humor the wolves with a succulent snack,
And then, while they fight, ride away from the pack.
Cheer up, saddened one! It is Mayday!
The wrath shall appear with his balsamic roll,
And we shall have untold joy to lay to the "soil."
Cheer up, child of toil! It is pay-day!
The rainbow is long, but we've reached the "blest spot,"
And now shall have cheer from the fabulous pot.

SLOWING UP

Everybody's running!
In this eventful day;
Runnin' some big business
So's to make it pay;
Runnin' for an office buzz—
Or time from some boss—
It's the greatest kind of runnin'
That this old world ever saw.
I want to stop a minute,
So's to kind of ketch my breath.
We go so fast around the curves
It scares me more to death.
I want some time for friendships
And an hour or so for talk.
I'm tired 'f all this runnin',
So I'll jess 'git out 'n' walk.

—Washington Star.

WISHING

Do you wish the world were better?
Let me tell you what to do;
Set a watch upon your actions,
Keep them always straight and true;
Bid your mind of selfish motives,
Let your thoughts be clean and high.
You can make a little Eden
Of the sphere you occupy.
Do you wish the world were wiser?
Well, suppose you make a start
By accumulating wisdom
In the scrap book of your heart.

Do not waste one page on folly,
Live to learn, and learn to live,
If you want to give men knowledge
You must get it ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happy?
Then remember day by day
Just to scatter seeds of kindness
As you pass along the way;
For the pleasure of the many
May be oftentimes traced to one,
As the hand that plants an acorn
Shelters armies from the sun.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

NOTE REDUCTIONS.

Hampden. 15 air, "Special R. Way," 25 jls, \$26.00; "New R-Way," 25 jls, \$24; "Newer Watch Co," 21 jls, \$17; same 17 jls, \$14.
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with some of the effects. It is based on a vital new discovered truth; they are proclaiming a far-reaching and a startling grand discovery; they are nothing of importance. It teaches the truth about God; they know nothing about him. It rescues the people from idolatry; they are taught the wrong thing. It is a grand message for the world; they had nothing. It teaches the highest standard of morality; some of our most active advocates taught their lowest. It teaches the right way of running government, the institution of marriage and the home; some of our most active workers defended anarchy and permissivity. It seeks to rescue people from the clutches of Satan; it seeks to preserve children from becoming idolaters by teachings that are based on God; they did not. It is the truth about the scientific discovery of the evolution of man; they are not. It is the truth about the Holy Ghost as fabulous beings, angels and hell myths and death thees; it is the extinction forever of individualism and conscious life; they on the nine degrees of importance to every member of our race; theirs of very little im- portance to only a very few. Its teaching when known and accepted

"We want your business men to trade with us, we want your philosophers to teach and study with us, and we want your tourists to visit us, but

men's live, but to save them. Save them to honesty, for he taught that honesty is the eternal or immortal life.) And they went to another village. And it came to pass, that, a certain man said unto him, Lord, I will follow thee (thy teachings), whithersoever thou goest. And Jesus said unto him, Foxes have holes, and birds have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." (An honest cause found small lodgment even among the people.)

knows man; let me, I pray you, bring
me to the place where you are, as
is good in your eyes." And he
further requested them not to inter-
fere with the inspectors. Now the
figures here used of the two daugh-
ters are not intended to denote the
legal or genuine issue; and the state-
ment that they had not known man
means that Lot assured them that the
affairs of the house were in his
own hands; but that business there
had been conducted legally. But I
reason, Lot was informing those peo-
ple who were the favorites of Abrah-
am, that he was not a forger, but
both Abraham and Lot had bribed
(feasted) the inspectors that they
should be legally declared the
daughters of Lot, and receive their
dowries in full (the sending among
them of his two daughters). Lot did
not talk to them of daughters, but
of daughters-in-law, and he made
the subject as the reference to his
daughters would have sounded to the
uninitiated, but was perfectly under-
stood by those for whom he was
speaking. The word that they are
said to be daughters of their father
is a second root in their eyes means that

[illegible]

I. & E. TIME TABLE

Departure		a. m.	p. m.
	No. 40 No. 2		
Lexington, Ky.	7:45	2:40
Montrose, Ky.	7:50	2:45
Avon, Ky.	7:55	2:50
Wyanotite, Ky.	8:00	2:55
W. L. W.	8:12	3:10
L. & E. Jet. Ky.	8:18	3:15
Indian Field, Ky.	8:22	3:20
Shawnee, Ky.	8:33	3:35
Clay City, Ky.	8:40	3:40
Stanton, Ky.	8:48	3:48
.....	8:55	3:55
.....	9:05	4:05
Filion, Ky.	9:20	4:20
Dundee, Ky.	9:31	4:31
Campton Jet. Ky.	9:35	4:35
Indian Field, Ky.	9:40	4:40
Gleaham Ky.	9:43	4:43
Torment, Ky.	9:53	4:53
Finacott, Ky.	10:06	5:10
Beattyville, Jet. Ky.	10:12	5:15
Indian Field, Ky.	10:18	5:22
Tallpers, Ky.	10:24	5:28
Athol, Ky.	10:40	5:45
Oskdale, Ky.	10:48	5:55
Elkavata, Ky.	10:55	6:05
W. L. W.	11:10	6:15
Jackson, Ky.	11:15	6:18

	a. m.	p. m.
Lexington, Kentucky	\$6.00
Montrose, Kentucky	\$6.00
Avon, Kentucky	\$6.00
Franklin, Kentucky	\$5.33
Winchester, Kentucky	\$5.00
L. & E. June, Kentucky	\$5.00
Indian Field, Kentucky	\$4.66
Franklin, Kentucky	\$4.66
Clay City, Kentucky	\$4.34
Stanton, Kentucky	\$4.25
Roslyn, Kentucky	\$4.16
Filson, Kentucky	\$4.00
Franklin, Kentucky	\$4.00
Dundee, Kentucky	\$4.00
Campton June, Kentucky	\$4.00
Natural Bridge, Kentucky	\$4.00
Franklin, Kentucky	\$4.00
Toront, Kentucky	\$4.00
Fincoast, Kentucky	\$3.75
Beattyville Jet, Kentucky	\$3.75
Franklin, Kentucky	\$3.75
Talleg, Kentucky	\$3.16
Athol, Kentucky	\$2.83
Oskdale, Kentucky	\$2.83
Elkawa, Kentucky	\$2.83
Elkawa, Kentucky	\$2.83
Dickson, Kentucky	\$2.83

(Continued from page One)

It is your own fault that you have been mental slaves for a hundred centuries. If you would open your eyes and ears for one hour, all priest-craft and aristocracy would disappear like mists before the morning sun. There would be no more tyranny and women would take proper place in social law making and would be honored instead of cursed. She would not be "unclean" and compelled to carry food to a lying and licentious priest when she became the mother of a man-child.

(Continued from page One)

"We want your business men to trade with us, we want your philosophers to teach and study with us, and we want your tourists to visit us, but

CONNECTIONS.

L. & E. JUNCTION.
Trains Nos. 1, 2, 3, will make connection with the C. & O. Railway for Mt. Sterling.

CAMPTON JUNCTION

Trains Nos. 1, 2, and 3, connect with the Mountain Central Railway for Pine Ridge and Campton.

BEATTYVILLE

Trains Nos. 2, 3, and 4, connect with the L. & A. Railway for Beattyville.

O. K. JUNCTION.

Trains Nos 3 and 4 connect with the O. & K. Railway for local stations on the O. & K. Railway.